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## JUST YOU



ELIZABETH GORDON.


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MINNEAPOLIS


A sunny day in early
June.
Made bright by recent rain, Some happy children in a field,
Weaving a dais $\gamma$ chain, A wallet with a crust of bread.
The sky above me blue, The good brown road beneath my feetAnd close beside me-You.

Pa


A meadow smiling in the sun,
Cows knee deep in the stream. An elm tree waving in the wind,
A silvery birch's gleam. A long white road, a rustic bridge,
A brooklet gliding through, And with the sunlight on your hair.
Coming toward me~You.



A
high old wall of ancient make,
With isy overgrown. A fountain sparkling in the sun,
Cariven from giay old stone: Gay beds of pinks and hollyhocks.
The kind my mother grew. Some humming-birds and butterflies,
A climbing rose and-You.



N August noon, a placid stream,
Bordered with evergireen. Blue mountains in the distance, to
Complete the peaceful scene: Some grey gulls flying overhead.
A graceful light canoe. And steering while I paddle.
On erimson cushions-You.


## A DINNER

GOME roses rare, a white draped board,
My favorite cates A waiter with a noiseless tread.
Some mellow old tokay; Some shaded lights, a little food.
The service laid a deux, Some sweet old music sottly played And opposite me-You. rach


$A^{N}$
opera, Faust or Trovatore-
Or. drama if you please. Where, in the shadows of a box,
I might sit at mine ease. In fact I do not care at all.
If play be old or new, If the violins play softly,
And I have beside me - You.

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## A HOUSE

A stately house of good gray stone,
To face the rising sun, A wide old porch where one might rest,
When the days work was done; Dark polished floors, deep window sills.
A wide hall running through. A red tiled root to sheller me,
And underneath it-You.



A shelf of books,abit of blue
Old china fine and rare,
A faded Persian rug. across
A deep old leather chair; A shaded lamp, some cloisonne,
A magazine or two, And if the gods would grant so much,
An open fire and-You.




